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bar, make music uncommonly pleasing to the ear,—at the same time, scarcely satisfying the *inner ear* of the mind; for, in this department of the Mass, we cannot easily sacrifice the spirit of devout contrition. Where this does not influence the first conception of the author, the most languishing accents of melody in minor keys will not replace it, nor raise in the mind the desired image. The *Dona, Allegro ma non troppo*, is most excellent. This chorus, with solos in the lively style adopted by Mozart and Haydn, but with the most characteristic impress of the hand of Beethoven, is full of harmonic surprises, which occasion a delightful excitement to the listener. Long, sweet, and solemn phrases in the choral part are contrasted with a certain simple and innocent vivacity in the instruments, making most original combinations, and developing unexpected beauties of harmony. How delighted is the musician, when, after this phrase of symphony by horns and bassoons,—



in which he naturally looks on the last E as the third of the chord of C, to find it taken up by the second violin, and prepared as a discord of suspension on B:—

Though this is one of the salient beauties of the *Dona*, we must not omit to notice the grand and dramatic re-introduction of the *Agnus Dei*; the slow and magnificent chords prolonged in the quick movement at this place strike every one. The *Miserere* is of unequalled boldness. It is the poetical expression of humiliation and lowly-murmured prayer—dangerous in a bad performance of falling into the ridiculous on account of the quick movement, but not the less excellent and true:—

The chief importance of this remarkable Mass consists in showing how far sacred music may be freed from formulas, and placed under the dominion of imagination.

## MUSIC

## AMONG THE POETS AND POETICAL WRITERS.

By MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

(Continued from page 207.)

"Then swelled the organ: up through choir and nave  
The music trembled with an inward thrill  
Of bliss at its own grandeur: wave on wave  
Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until  
The hushed air shivered with the throb it gave,  
Then, poising for a moment, it stood still,  
And sank and rose again, to burst in spray  
That wandered into silence far away.

Like to a mighty heart the music seemed,  
That yearns with melodies it cannot speak,  
Until, in grand despair of what it dreamed,  
In the agony of effort it doth break,  
Yet triumphs breaking; on it rushed and streamed  
And wantoned in its might, as when a lake,  
Long pent among the mountains, bursts its walls  
And in one crowding gush leaps forth and falls.

Deeper and deeper shudders shook the air,  
As the huge bass kept gathering heavily,  
Like thunder when it rouses in its lair,  
And with its hoarse growl shakes the low-hung sky:  
It grew up like a darkness everywhere,  
Filling the vast cathedral;—suddenly,  
From the dense mass a boy's clear treble broke  
Like lightning, and the full-toned choir awoke.

Through gorgeous windows shone the sun aslant,  
Brimming the church with gold and purple mist,  
Meet atmosphere to bosom that rich chant,  
Where fifty voices in one strand did twist  
Their varicoloured tones, and left no want  
To the delighted soul, which sank abysed  
In the warm music cloud, while, far below,  
The organ heaved its surges to and fro."—*Lowell*.

"That branching roof  
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,  
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells  
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality."—*Wordsworth*.

"Sometimes, just as listening ends  
In slumber, with the cadence blends  
A dream of that low-warbled hymn  
Which old folk, fondly pleased to trim  
Lamps of faith, now burning dim,  
Say that the cherubs carved in stone,  
When clouds gave way at dead of night,  
And the ancient church was filled with light,  
Used to sing in heavenly tone,  
Above and round the sacred places  
They guard, with winged baby-faces."

Wordsworth.

"Mount from the earth; aspire! aspire!  
So pleads the town's cathedral choir,  
In strains that from their solemn height  
Sink, to attain a loftier flight;  
While incense from the altar breathes  
Rich fragrance in embodied wreaths;  
Or, flung from swinging censer, shrouds  
The taper-lights, and curls in clouds  
Around angelic forms, the still  
Creation of the painter's skill,  
That on the service wait concealed  
One moment, and the next revealed."

Wordsworth.

"Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,  
And requiems answered by the pulse that beats  
Devoutly, in life's last retreats."—*Wordsworth.*

"The tie  
Of sweet and threatening harmony;  
Soft notes, awful as the omen  
Of destructive tempests coming,  
And escaping from that sadness  
Into elevated gladness;  
While the white-robed choir attendant,  
Under mouldering banners pendant,  
Provoke all potent symphonies to raise  
Songs of victory or praise."—*Wordsworth.*

"Some acknowledgment of thanks and praise,  
Soft in its temper as those vesper lays  
Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars  
Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores;  
A sea-born service through the mountains felt  
Till into one loved vision all things melt:  
Or like those hymns that soothe with graver sound  
The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound;  
And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise  
With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies."—*Wordsworth.*

"Thrice in glad hymns, swell'd with the Great One's  
The pliant voice on her seven steps they raise, [praise,  
Whilst all th' enliven'd instruments around  
To the just feet with various concord sound."—*Cowley.*

"As rose the Muezzin's voice in air  
In midnight call to wonted prayer;  
It rose, that chanted mortal strain,  
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:  
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,  
Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,  
And take a long unmeasured tone,  
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.  
It seem'd to those within the wall  
A cry prophetic of their fall:  
It struck even the besieger's ear  
With something ominous and drear,  
An undefined and sudden thrill,  
Which makes the heart a moment still,  
Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed  
Of that strange sense its silence framed;  
Such as a sudden passing-bell  
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell."—*Byron.*

"As the rising and sinking of the passions, the casting soft or noble hints into the soul, is the natural privilege of music in general, so more particularly of that kind which is employed at the altar. Those impressions which it leaves upon the spirits are more deep and lasting, as the grounds from which it receives its authority are founded more upon reason. It diffuses a calmness all around us, it makes us drop all those vain or immodest thoughts which would be a hindrance to us in that great duty of thanksgiving, which, as we are informed by our almighty benefactor, is the most acceptable return which can be made for those infinite stores of blessings which he daily condescends to pour down upon his creatures. When we make use of this pathetic method of addressing ourselves to him, we can scarce contain from raptures! The heart is warmed with a sublimity of goodness! We are all piety and love!"—*Addison.*

"If you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many  
hearse-like airs as carols."—*Bacon.*

## THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

A VERY entertaining history of this admirable institution, with a Memoir of the Founder, Captain Thomas Coram, has lately been published by Mr. Thomas Brownlow, the Secretary. The early design of the Charity, and the progress and advancement made from year to year in carrying out the praiseworthy object of the Hospital, will be found to possess considerable interest.

The Foundling Hospital has always been favorably known to the musical public from its association with the name of Handel, who was one of the governors and guardians of the institution, and who contributed very largely to its funds. In the year 1749, the great composer gave a performance of vocal and instrumental music, for the purpose of raising money towards finishing the Chapel. On that occasion, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with a great number of persons of quality and distinction, were present; the tickets were sold at half-a-guinea, and the audience exceeded one thousand persons.

During many years after this, Handel superintended personally the performance of his *Messiah* in the Chapel, which netted to the treasury of the Charity no less a sum than £7000. At the completion of the Chapel, he presented the governors with an organ, which he opened himself, when the concourse of persons was very great, there being no less than eight hundred coaches and chairs at the entrance.

At the death of the great musician, he bequeathed a copy of the score and all the parts of his oratorio, the *Messiah*, to the Hospital; and in grateful memory of their friend and benefactor, the governors had a dirge and funeral anthem performed in the Chapel, on the 26th of May, 1759.

For the last ten years, a juvenile band of musicians has been established at the Foundling, from amongst the boys. The results of this plan have been highly satisfactory, for the general moral character of those instructed in music has been improved, and considerable social advantages have been derived by many of them after quitting the establishment. The band usually numbers about thirty boys, between nine and eleven years of age; and it is gratifying to learn that their ordinary education is by no means neglected for this additional accomplishment, since the results have shewn that a full proportion of the prizes awarded for scholastic pursuits has been constantly carried off by the band. Of the number hitherto instructed in music, twenty have at their own desire been placed as musicians in the bands of Her Majesty's household troops and other regiments, and also in the royal navy.

We cannot close this notice without adverting to the excellent style in which the musical services in the Chapel of the Hospital are performed. The melodious strains of these little children,—so unlike the nasal, guttural twang of ordinary church schools,—proves what may be effected by a little careful training of the voice, even in the youngest songster. Much credit is also due to the present organist, Mr. Willing, for the efficient manner in which he presides over the juvenile chorus, and conducts the music of the church.

## THE STATUE OF HANDEL AT HALLE.

THE following letter, relative to the Statue of Handel about to be erected at Halle, has been addressed by Mr. R. Bowley—

*To the Members and Supporters of Musical Societies, and Professors and Amateurs of Music generally.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I beg permission to address you in reference to the project for the erection of a Bronze Statue of Handel at Halle, his birth-place. Considerable progress has been made in the work, which it is intended shall be completed

(Continued on page 225.)